VOL. I.—No. 16. MANCHESTER, Saturday, November 7, 1868. Price One Penny.

"He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair."
DRYDEN.

Moderns have no such most outrageous motions,
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La Danse at Pomona.
Charles Dickens's Readings.
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Sketches of a Manchester Parish. Our Church.
A Sketch from the Shetland Isles.
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Haymarket Morality.
Whited Sepulchres.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Italian Opera in Manchester.
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English Dramatic Critics.
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Electioneering Notes.
The Municipal Candidates.
Dramatic Gossip.
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One of our City Graveyards.
Circulation of Periodicals.
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# SEA WEEDS,

## FROM THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

### III.—THE COAST ROAD.

Still convarsin' an' still discoorsin'
On things consarnin' the ocean wide.—IRISH SONG.

"PAPA," said a little blue-eyed fellow, daintily dressed in Knickerbocker suit,—"Papa," said he, looking up at the gentleman who led him into the Portrush Post Office, out of the passing shower,—"Papa, does it rain salt water here?"

They entered the shop, and, as I stood in the door-way, watching the rain, I heard the little fellow twittering, as his blue eyes fell on the trinkets around him,—twittering in liquid trebles, full of pretty wonderment, like a new-fledged throstle taking its first flight into the woods. In a few minutes the rain was over, and the strong sunshine burst forth again, flushing all the moist fields with orient splendour. The bloomy spray, gushing over the garden wall opposite, seemed to thrill with a new delight; and every blade of grass, sprouting timidly amongst the rubbish at the way-side, had "kepped its ain drap" of pearl from the falling shower. I sallied forth down by the manse, and out upon the Coleraine road, not thinking of where I was going.

"That's the darlin' mornin'," said a Portrush driver, who stood waiting for the Belfast train.

"Beautiful!" said I.

"Lovely day for the Causeway," continued he.

"Delightful!" said I.

"Will ye require a car, your honour?" said he, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"What's the fare?"

"Fare, is it?" replied he, running to the horse's head. "Faith, ye know that rightly, your honour. Get on, sur,—if ye plaze,—till I tuck the rug about ye. Sure, ye'll take the shore side o' the car? Wait till I dry the sate, your honour. Now, jump up, sur,—if ye plaze,—an' away we go, like one o'clock!"

After a little higgling about the fare, we agreed, and I mounted the car. The driver was evidently in great spirits, and, as he gathered up his reins, he began to croon to himself, in gleeful tones:—

One pleasant evening, when pinks an' daisies closed in their bosoms the drops o' dew,
An' feathered warblers, of every species, together chanted their notes so true,
As I did wander in meditation, it charmed my heart for to hear them sing;
Night's dreamy shades they were softly falling, and all the air did with music ring.

With joy transpoorted each sight I coorted, and gazing round with inspective eye,
Two youthful lovers, in conversation, all close engaged, I did espy;
Those couple spoke with such force of raison,—their sintiminta they expressed so clear—
That for to hearken their conversation, my inclination was to draw near.

Then, jumping up to his seat, he gave the horse a switch, and away went the car, like a bird on wheels. As we whisked round the corner where the little chapel stands, he glanced sea-ward at "The Ladies' Bathing Rock," where a crowd of fair nymphs were sporting among the waves in the smooth creek, at the foot of the rock, and within sixty yards of the Queen's highway. "Ah, there they are!" said he, pointing with his whip,—"There they are,—the darlins',—dabblin' their beautiful limbs in the say,—forninst the wide world! Oh, bi my soul,—isn't it provokin', now, to see them so contagious,—an' me compelled to lave the sight! Oh, murder alive!—what'll I do? * * * Get along out o' that!" cried he, giving the horse another switch. And then, as we shot a-head, he went on with his song:—

He pressed her hand, and he said, "My darlin', tell me the raison you've changed your mind,
Or why this heart should be so degraded, that in my breast for my love has pined.
It's I am slighted an' ill requited for all the favours I did bestow;
Oh, tell me, darlin'! before you lave me, why you're inclined for to trate me so."

* * * * * *

Says she, "Young man,—for to tell you plainly,—it's to refrain you, I am inclined:
Another young man, of birth and fortune, has gained my favour an' changed my mind.
My future welfare I have consulted,—on fickle footing I'll never stand,—
Besides my parents might be affronted to see you walking at my right hand."

As we swept along Spring-hill, a little bright-eyed fellow, dressed in dingy black, like an ill-paid clerk, beckoned to me from the road-side. "Are yees goin' to the Causeway?" said he. "Yes." He then asked if I would be kind enough to allow him "a sate" on the car, "the linth o' Bushmills, in regard o' the lameness in his knee." To which I consented, and I soon found that he was a genuine Milesian, from the South of Ireland, and brimming over with racy chat. He no sooner got settled upon the car than he began to hum a plaintive Irish air; and when I asked him the name of it, he turned round and gave me the whole history of the tune.

"D'ye like that tune, sir?" said he.

I told him that I did like it.

"Ah, well, indeed, then," continued he, "it's a beautiful air, entirely, an' mind ye, there's a quare story connected with that same melody. Many's the time I heard it. It's called "The Dark-haired Lady;" an' the way it got the name is this, d'ye see. A long time gone by, a famous fiddler wint to play at a nobleman's castle, in county Mayo; an', bedad, that same fiddler fell desperately in love wi' the nobleman's daughter,—an' she with him,—in regard o' the bewitching music he played; more bi token, he was a handsome fellow, entirely. An', faith, the rogue of a fiddler knew it all right well bi the language o' the eye, d'ye see; an', bi the same token, the lady knew it too. So, d'ye mind, the fiddler thought that, as all her grate kinsmen were flutterin' about the place, he would make the fiddle coort the lady, unbeknownst to them all,—barrin' the lady herself, d'ye see. An' right well he knew it was able to do that same, for it was a raal beauty; an' he was a grate player, all out. An', mind ye, there's not an instrument in the wide world able to contind wi' the fiddle, in the regard of a coortin' tale. Well,—the bowld fiddler made an illigant song right out,—all filled wid consumin' radiations of affectionate glory; for, mind ye, the poor fellow's heart was nigh burstin' wid enchantin' bewilderment. * * An', oh, man alive, but that same love's a rale tender thing! Many's the poor craythur lost their rest through it! It's myself knows that right well; for I suffered a dale from it, now an' agin, since I was the hoight of a trooper's boot. * * How-an'-ever, as I was telling ye,—the fiddler was a larned man, d'ye see; but, faith, it's not to tall English he trusted to coort the lady,—och, no—but he made the fiddle tell the whole story in a kind o' conversational tune, d'ye see; an', mind ye, the fiddle was transpoorted with the acquirement of such an occupation; an' it spoke out the illigant pains that were brakin' the poor fellow's heart in such meltin' tones, that, faith, the very strings o' the instrument were nigh burstin' into tears; an', bedad, there was not one in the whole coort could stand before the strains came from the fiddle that blessed day! It began by sayin' as plain as words could spake, 'Oh, what'll I do wi' this heart o' mine! Oh, darlin', darlin', what'll become o' me!' an' so the whole coorse o' the story was told bi the music, till it inded in the culmination of a transpoortin duet. An' that's how the fiddler put the comether an the noble lady. An', at last, she caught the beautiful infection to that degree, that she an' the fiddler schamed to run away with aich other across the water; an' there they got married—to their hearts' contint. Well,—worse luck,—the lady's father purshues the pair o' them from place to place, till, at linth, he finds them colloguin' together in the hoight o' domestic enchantment; an', bad cess to me, but he imprisons the fiddler for nine year, an' brings his daughter home agin,—drowned in tears, from the heart out, for the bowld fellow she was lavin' behind.

An', oh, man dear,—wasn't that same fiddler a sad an' solitary soul when the wife of his heart was taken away from him; an' the fiddle an' he moorned together in solitude many a long year for the darlin' that had won their hearts for evermore. At last the fiddler got relased, d'ye see; an' he turned out into the wide world to seek the one lost bird of his heart,—an', faith, by this time, the poor fellow was as ragged as a Raghery colt. How-an'-ever, he wandered to an' fro with his fiddle through all the coorts o' Europe, playin' the tune that won the heart o' the dark-haired lady—bi the way she might hear it, wherever she chanced to be. An' so the poor fiddler wandered, with a sad heart, year after year, sighin', an' seekin' among strange crowds for the one face he could not find. An' so the days wint on, d'ye see, till, at last, the lady's father died, an' she was left in the castle in lonely splindour, moornin' for the poor fellow that was seekin' her the wide world over. At linth, at the close of one stormy day, he came, faint an' weary, into the coort-yard o' the castle, little dreamin' that the darlin' of his heart was nigh; and in a sad an' despondin' tone he struck up the beautiful tune that won his own lost Norah. Well, bedad, who should be sittin' at the windy but the lady herself, sighin' an' thinkin' o' the one man she loved above all the world, and when she heard the music she threw up her arms with a grate cry, an' fainted away right out o' the face. * * An' the fiddler an' his lady lived in the castle, in glory an' splindour, enjoyin' connubial transports of affectionate regard to their dyin' day. An' when they were laid at rest among the great lords o' the place, the fiddle hung agin the castle wall for many a long year; an' oft, in the dead o' the night, it was heard playin' a sorrowful lamint—of its own accoord, mind ye—for thim that was gone. But bad luck to the note the finest performer in the world could get out o' that same fiddle,—barrin' itself, d'ye see,—after the bowld fiddler an' his lady died."

We had now cleared the last house at the town-end, and were out upon the open road to the Causeway. The landward scene was a pleasant rural tract—here, yellow stubble; there, pasture; and yonder, green crops, with whitewashed farm-houses scattered about up to the heathery ridge which closes the view. About half-way up the verdant slope, the roofless walls of the ancient church of Ballywillan was in sight, clothed with ivy, and leaning towards their fall—the sole relic of the old town which once surrounded it. Seaward, a low ridge of little grass-grown sand-hills hid us from the sea, and the beautiful "Long Strand" north of Portrush. The driver, heedless of the tale of my fellow-traveller, was still crooning at his Irish song. It seems the discussion between the lovers had gone on some time, ending in the following climax:—

You speak exceedingly, but not correctly; with words supported, your cause is vain;
Had you the tongue of the Siren goddess, your exaltation I would disdain.
It was your love that I did require; but since you place it on golden store,
I'll strike my harp, an' its tones shall murmur, "Farewell, my darlin', for evermore."

She seemed affected, and half-distracted, and in exclamation she thus gave way:—
"Oh, my denial was but a trial! Ye gods, be witness to what I say!"
Says she, "My dear, if ye don't forgive me, and quite forget my incredulity,
All for your sake I'll a virgin wander, while green leaves grow on the laurel tree."

And thus ended the driver's song, of which I only caught snatches. About two miles beyond Portrush, the rise of the road brought us in sight of the open sea, and we had now a fine view of the wild coast in both directions. Looking backward, we saw the grand limestone cliffs called "The White Rocks," worn fantastically by the action of the waves; and "The Skerries," a low ridge of rocks, here and there "with verdure clad," and making this side of Portrush a kind of natural harbour. The beautiful "Long Strand," too, was partly in sight, stretching away in a curve towards the town behind us. On one part of the smooth beach a large schooner, driven ashore by the storm, lay high and dry, where it had been lying many a month, looking dolefully out of its element. On another part of the beach, the fluke of a rusty anchor stuck up from the sand; and, here and there, fragments of broken masts and other wreck lay half-embedded, telling silent tales of the dangers of the sea. And from this point of view, Portrush looks very picturesque on its sea-washed promontory. It is a pretty and a thriving town now, and brisk enough in summer time. But I remember old Jack M'Connell telling me, not long ago, what the place was like half a century gone by. "When I first came to Portrush," said he, "more than five-an'-forty years ago, it was just a little rough village, where a few fishers liv't, an' naethin' more. There was just one little steamer—a Hielan' boat—came in, an' that was a'. I had sair wark to find a lodgin' there at first. Where the grand ho-tel stands now, there was just a little wheen o' thatched cots, so low that ye could put your hand upo' the roofs o' them. I mind it well. The first house I went to the windeys were a' mendit wi' auld hets, an' raggit trowsers, an' the like o' that; and the woman that own't it had a black eye—so I didn't stop there. * * * Butter was sell't just i' the lump then—not prentit. Whenever they began to prent the butter, it did nae mair good." Such was old Jack's rough glimpse of Portrush sixty years ago.

For the next three miles the road runs near to the edge of wild clefts of rock, in the bottom of which the sea rages with such violence that, sometimes, clouds of foam fly over the highway, at a height of four hundred feet. There are two or three points at the edge of these cliffs where car-drivers are so accustomed to pull up to give travellers a chance of looking into the chasms below, that horses used to the road stop there of their own accord. One of the gloomy clefts is known by the name of "The Priests' Hole,"—and the traditions of the country give a fearful origin to the name,—which brings to mind how oft this fair province of Ulster has been flooded with the red waves of war,—how oft it has been reduced to a blood-stained wilderness, peopled only with terrible remembrances. The stupendous sea-beaten cliffs upon this coast are worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and, as we ride along, the driver points them out by name. Here one presents the striking appearance of an enormous lion couchant; and another is shown as "Shelah's Head;" but, perhaps, the most remarkable of them all is the one known by the name of "The Giant's Head,"—an immense seaworn rock, the whole face of which presents a singular resemblance to a benign human countenance, flushed with humorous expression. The driver pointed to this with especial emphasis. "An' yon rock, your honour," said he, "yon rock's called the 'Giant's Head.' Don't ye see the beautiful face on it?" My fellow-traveller, who had got upon the "well" of the car, to get a sight, cried out, "Yes, begorra,—an' there he is, sure enough—smilin' across the waves! Divil a ha'porth he cares for the stormy say! More power t'ye, my bowld fellow!"

The road now leaves the rocky shore a little, and another mile brings us in sight of the ruined towers of Dunluce Castle, mouldering upon the summit of a lofty, sea-worn crag.

## AN ILLIBERAL LIBERAL.

At a meeting of Messrs. Bazley, Bright, and Jones, with the electors last Tuesday evening, in the Assembly Room of the Free Trade Hall, Mr. R. D. Rusden, in seconding a resolution approving of the candidates, asserted that the Liberal party were infested with a lot of vermin, that Mr. Mitchell Henry was a gigantic sham, and that Sir Edward Watkin had gained his knighthood by political prostitution. This elegant language is nothing new on the part of Mr. R. D. Rusden, who is rather given to that sort of thing. He was defeated himself last year in a municipal contest; and in another ward he compared a candidate, who happened to be a licensed victualler, to a chimney-sweep. A near relative of Sir Edward Watkin's, who did not altogether admire Mr. Rusden's expressions, has since taken the opportunity, at the Reform Club, of telling that individual his opinion of him, in not exactly a Pickwickian sense. If Mr. R. D. Rusden is wise, the hint will not be lost upon him.

## IMPULSIVE SCOTCHMEN.

WE are told that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, to soften rocks, and rend the gnarled oak," but it was not until lately that we were aware of the extraordinary effect which their national melodies had upon Scotchmen. The rev. and genial editor of "Good Words" boldly asserted, some time since, that there was no instrument on earth which could discourse such eloquent music as the bag-pipes; but the piano-forte seems equally to excite Professor Blackie, who is, ordinarily, a man of shrewd common-sense. We read in a Scotch newspaper that "Professor Blackie was present at a penny reading, at Oban, the other night. At the close of the entertainment, Miss Macgregor struck up, on the piano-forte, 'Auld Lang Syne," the vocalists joining. The spirit of the song proved too much for the Professor's nerves; he leaped from his seat to the front of the platform, slapped his old friend Mr. Hutcheson on the back, shook hands, made faces, and we don't know all what,—quite a scene indeed." We should think so, but this singular behaviour of the excellent Professor reminds us of similiar proceedings on the part of certain grave, sedate, and impassible Scotchmen in this city, at a celebrated curling dinner and at the Burns Centenary Festival. On these occasions, at the first skirl of the pipes, these usually reserved and reticent Caledonians leaped from their seats and took the floor. They dashed into the Hoolagan and Reel of Tulloch, shouted, snapped their fingers, and cried "Hi!" hooked their arms into each other, and went at it like so many dancing dervishes, demoniacally possessed, *vis-à-vis, dos-a-dos*, any way, every way, and finally wound up amid such a wild scene of enthusiastic saltatory evolutions, as had not been witnessed since the days of "Cutty Sark," amid the ruins of Alloway Kirk.

## NO M.P.'S!

AMONG the many various speculations and reflections regarding the coming political campaign, I wonder if anyone has ever turned his mind to the fact that, for a few days during the ensuing week, there will be no such thing in the entire length and breadth of the United Kingdom as an M.P. And yet the fact is indubitable, and the various topics for thought suggested by it are curious. As at a transformation scene, when the Good Fairy appears in showers of diamonds and cascades of gems, and waves her wand over the Gold Demon and the Sprite of the Groves of Blarney, and their radiant vesture tumbles from them and they appear "as grinning clown and silly pantaloon," so, one fine day next week, at the Westminster Pantomime, will Good Queen Victoria cause certain potent words to be uttered, and *instanter*, from the names of oversix hundred people will fall off the magic appendage of M.P.; and the Squire, the Finance Swindler, the Railway Jobber, the Merchant, the Cotton Spinner, and the retired Grocer will just be the equal of his fellows and entitled to no precedence or respect.

One wonders how the stripped and denuded Senators will feel. Will they experience a sense of social nakedness, and feel, as it were, the want of a titular top-coat? A couple of friends once went into a barber's shop, where there was no looking glass, and the one who was to have his hair cut requested the other to keep an eye on the operation and cry at the proper instant "Hold, enough!" But the latter took up a newspaper, and became so engrossed in the report of a missionary meeting that he forgot all about it, and when his friend inquired mildly "Won't it do now?" had to exclaim "My dear fellow, I'm very sorry, but you're literally bald!" The victim told me the incident, and added: "For a fortnight I went about feeling the sides of my head, where the wool flocks used for to grow." And I can imagine our poor stripped Senators wandering about uneasily, groping for their lost M.P.'s. Will they feel their own littleness? In former days, when those charmed initials were a protection against creditors, the temporary loss of them entailed a visit to Boulogne. We had then poor Members of Parliament, and brains went for something. But, nowadays, when nearly every man buys his seat either directly or indirectly—either by distinctly corrupting a constituency, or by having grown so rich that the electoral body fall down and worship and return him—the M.P. safeguard against creditors is not needed. And yet, I can well imagine a sense of social insecurity being very vividly experienced by one who has been used to that wondrous suffix, when it is his of right no longer. A gentleman once told me that he never in his life experienced the faintest fear of thunder and lightning save once. At that exceptional instance he was in a bath. Suddenly it grew dark, a tremendous storm came on, the thunder made the room rock and the lightning lighted it up again and again, and he lay in his bath absolutely cowering and shuddering. "I can only account for it," he said, "from an unconscious sense that I had not any clothes on." We are strange mortals when a few feet of linen and a yard or two of broad cloth can give a feeling of security against "heaven's artillery." Well, I cannot help thinking that the forthcoming few days, when there will be no M.P.'s, will be, to not a few of the six hundred and forty, what the bath was to my friend. To them M.P.-ship has been a species of clothes, hiding the essentially poor and defenceless moral and intellectual carcase underneath. They must be sensible that they are at bottom poor creatures; but this conventional garment of honour has given them a feeling of protection and of dignity. There must be moments, now and again, rare perhaps, but still moments there must be, even to the ineffable Boshley, when, his waistcoat being laid aside, he feels what a pompous, twaddling, empty old humbug he is. It must even occur at times to Stalybridge that he is but a misplaced, second-rate local preacher, who wants "an 'int" to put in his H's. But the M.P. lacquers over and conceals it all. Once a year the crab casts its shell, and feeling that he is no better than a wretched mollusc and that the poorest fish can nibble at his claws, he retires into seclusion in the cleft of a rock or a hole in the sand. So when the M.P. is cast, I can conceive the Ostriches of Parliament yearning to thrust their heads into the dust until the mystic letters are again added to their tails.

Whatever their feelings may be, I know what mine are. They are delightful. I chuckle in triumph over my stripped daws. I am their equal for the nonce. For three or four days the peacock's feathers are mine, or his, or anybody's. None of your airs, if you please, sir—you are a cotton spinner, or a share broker, or what not, but you are not an M.P. For one week at least, one man is as good as another, and a deal better too. I have the privilege of knowing half a dozen of our Collective Wisdom, and I mean to write a letter daily, during the interval, to each of them, merely for the satisfaction of leaving out the M.P.

Another point has struck me. How about that enormous palace at Westminster? Who does it belong to in the meanwhile? Has anybody any right of entrance to its vast halls, its multitudinous passages? Has any human being any claim to enjoy its many splendours and its many comforts? Whose is the Tea Room, and the Smoke Room, and the Library? Clearly nobody's. It no more belongs to ex-M.P.'s than to ex-Penders. For the next fortnight all men are equal, and the great William Ewart Gladstone himself has no more share, part, or parcel in the Houses of Parliament than Welt the cobbler, or Snip the tailor. This is clearly the law. I wonder what the practice would be. Would the doorkeeper shut the doors in the face of an ex-M.P.? Suppose the Member for Drogheda had left his whisky-flask under his seat in the House, would he have a right of entrance to go in and fetch it? Or had Grimsby mislaid his contango book in a Committee Room, or Boshley wanted to look into *Turveydrop on Deportment* in the Library, would they have ingress granted? These are questions of privilege which earnest reformers should get a proper answer to.

Hitherto, I have only glanced at a few of the more personal aspects of the case. But it has national aspects as well. For some days this

country will be orphaned in a sense. We live under a Parliamentary Government—a government of M.P.'s—and lo! on the 11th or 12th instant there will be no M.P.'s. For more than a week there can be no Bazaars, or Alliance Meetings, or Religious Gatherings; for the public, who listen with open-mouthed stolidity to speakers with M.P. to their name, wouldn't cross an entry to hear the same people without it. Is the country safe in such a condition? I have my misgivings. But it is a great consolation, and it imparts a feeling of assurance to know that the wise forethought of Disraeli has so timed the dissolution that the country will, a day or two previously, have provided itself with Mayors. If we had no Mayors and no M.P.'s at one and the same time, a collapse had been inevitable. To be sure there is that other institution, the Magistrature, to fall back upon. Fortunately, J.P.'s are permanent. But in these parts, however completely the National Parliament may have vanished into thin air, our Local Senate will be complete. Even Salford will have found a municipal Curtius bold enough to leap into the Mayoral Gulf; and Manchester will be secure in the fact that the Badge and Chain adorn the capacious breast of Grave.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

### LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE MANCHESTER CUP.—The interest in this race increases. Since we last alluded to it, two fresh candidates have been entered from the True-Blue stable,—The Banker and Mackintosh. The Banker is a dark horse from London, but Mackintosh is well known in the town, where he has been bred and trained. These two horses have been put into strong work, and last Friday they were publicly tried in Peter-street, in presence of an immense crowd. Great care was taken to prevent a disturbance, and spectators were only admitted to the enclosure by ticket. Notwithstanding this precaution, a few welshers obtained admittance, but their avocation was hopeless, as the detectives were on the alert, and at their very first attempt to do business, they were summarily ejected from the course. In addition to the usual supporters of the True-Blue stable who were present, Mr. Alderman Curtis put in an appearance, and declared his intention of supporting the stable on this occasion. Before the trial came off, P. P. the Bishop of Madagascar was escorted on to the course by Bersy Punting, and was loudly applauded. The Bishop was looking well, although somewhat disconcerted by the warmth of his reception; nevertheless he was not considered quite up to the mark for the vacant Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury. Owing to associations between the Bishop and certain scenes in front of the New Bailey and other prisons, we almost expected some one to jump up, and allude to the fate of "Hampden on the field and Sydney on the SCAFFOLD," but neither Bersy Punting nor anyone else did so, and we were disappointed accordingly. The Banker is a respectable, good tempered looking horse, and, excepting that his mane is allowed to grow, he resembles Turveydrop very strongly. The Banker is very slow in his paces, but gets over the ground in an easy, comfortable sort of way, and is apparently on such good terms with himself that a kind of simmering feeling of confidence is imparted to lookers-on, as if they had only to go to Lombard-street at once and get all their bills discounted considerably under the bank rate. Mackintosh is a good, wiry-looking horse, without any pretensions to speed, but he settles down to business in a determined sort of a way, and sticks well to his work. Jacobite is now first favourite for this race, and is freely backed at a very short price. Jacobite has decidedly improved in appearance since last year, and looks quite robust. Of course he cannot be expected to show the speed and stamina of his brother Don John, but Jacobite has merits of his own which we are glad to recognise, and his defects we shall be equally ready to point out. Windbag has rather declined in the betting within the last fortnight, but in some quarters he and Jacobite are freely backed against the field. Turveydrop was very fishy for a few days last week. In the private trial which he had with the Colt by Old Harry out of Portland Street, he got sadly knocked about, and at one time it was thought that he had utterly broken down. By careful nursing and the application of strong fomentations, Turveydrop has been brought round, and is now in better favour again. It seems that the trial was intended to be private, but as all the Portland-street horse watchers were present, including the touts Bill Sticker and Bill De Facer, the result of the spin got out, and it soon became known that the old horse had been beaten. In fact Turveydrop ran all over the course, and when he found he couldn't make the Colt hook it, he showed a disposition to cut it himself. After the trial he had an attack of the staggers. However, he has now come into favour again, and if the spavin can be reduced or overcome, he may still train on and get a place. Pot8os is still unscratched, but he ought to be withdrawn at once, as it is the Bank of England to a boiled murphy against him. With such a large field and so much cross running, it is a very puzzling affair to know how things will go. The U. L. P. stable talk of making a waiting race of it, but they have not won their races hitherto by waiting. If the three horses are to make the running for each other alternately, it is quite possible that an outsider may get such a start that none of them can catch him. We are disposed to think that, when it comes to the final tussle, the waiting dodge will break down, and that one horse will take the lead and keep it. At present it is difficult to decide under which thimble is the pea.

SALFORD CUP.—The horses engaged in this race have been kept rather quiet this week, and are only taking gentle exercise. The Stalybridge Infant has recovered from his attack of illness, and returned from Switzerland. He looks quite dapper, and his toilet is well attended to by his groom. Stockbroker is still backed freely against the Engineer. The latter, however, has numerous adherents, and it is thought that the flooded state of the Salford course is in his favour, and his action may enable him to get over the water. Stockbroker's supporters are, however, very confident, and offer slight odds that he will beat the Engineer.

NORTH-WEST LANCASHIRE STAKES.—In this division of the county the interest in the contest is unabated. The Young Duke, by Chatsworth out of Alma Mater, has had a few days' rest. He has rather declined in favour, and his position is somewhat shaky. We cannot account for this, but understand that Knowsley is now almost as good a favourite as the Colonel. The Young Duke, however, will take a deal of beating. The Colonel has returned from Ireland, and at Standish the other day, he had a rough dust up with the crack, Demosthenes, whom he stuck to like a leech and would not be shaken off. The Colonel had already been tried collaterally with Demosthenes, through the horse Estimates. Last year Demosthenes shirked his races with that horse, and only met him on one occasion, when he was defeated, but it was noted at the time that his own party did not support him. The Colonel, therefore, knew what he was about when he tackled him at Standish.

SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE DERBY.—Demosthenes has been taking things very quietly after his severe work, and with the exception of the tussle that the Colonel had with him, we have heard little of him. He will come out quite fresh again at the nomination, and it was quite time that he was having a rest, as he was beginning to blunder in his work. Besides the China mistake, at Southport he shied and boggled at the Whateley turn, and got all wrong at the quotation point. A rest will do him good, as no horse can run for ever. Few jockeys can manage

him, and his jaw is so strong that no bit will hold him, and he has to be ridden with a curb. Bright Jack, however, can do what he likes with him. When Demosthenes gets to the right side of the Speaker's chair, which he will most likely do before Christmas, no doubt he will become more tractable. Lord Sefton's horse, Greenfields, has been doing a little work on his own account, in the absence of Demosthenes. Their opponents, Old Merseydocks and Crucifix, have been busy making up for lost time. Both sides are equally confident, but there are some parties who are never done laying against Demosthenes. The money is put down freely, and it is as freely picked up again, chiefly by the publicans, bill stickers, and other sinners.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE OR SALFORD HUNDRED GUINEAS STAKES.—All the four candidates continue to take active exercise almost daily. Red Tape has a great many supporters in the Bury district, and some good judges think that he and Worsley will run first and second. At Ramsbottom, the roughs tried to get at both Red Tape and Yates, but they got away without injury. Snowdrop's style of going is not liked, and when he runs he has to be assisted by written paper stimulants and plasters on his hocks, on the principle, we suppose, that "he who runs may *read*." There is, however, plenty of money behind Snowdrop, but he is quite out-paced by both Red Tape and Yates, who ought to beat him easily.

ROCHDALE STAKES.—It seems that Bulyhillie is to be opposed, after all, by a horse bred in the neighbourhood. Some years ago, Bulyhillie opposed Don John and Tom the Yachtsman, for the Manchester Cup, when he made the running for his brother Yellow (haired) Jack. Bulyhillie has now returned to his old stable, and runs in Radical colours.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND GOSSIP.—Should Demosthenes win the Lancashire race, as well as the Greenwich Cup, the latter race will be run over again, and it is said, save the mark! that Laxter Bangley will contest it. Laxter is by the Backbiter, out of Athenæum, and is well known in Manchester. What with Laxter for Greenwich, and Greenwig, by Greenhorn out of Bombast, for Halifax, we ought all to make our fortunes right off.

It is said that Don John will be put into harness, immediately after the Great Government Stakes are run for in December.

## THE NEXT NOVELTY AT THE ROYAL.

MR. H. J. BYRON'S drama *Blow for Blow*, which is now being played at the Holborn Theatre in London with success, will be shortly brought out at the Manchester Theatre Royal. The play will be produced under the superintendence of the author, who will himself take part in the performance. Mr. Byron is not entirely new to the stage, having occasionally performed in his own pieces, when he had the management of the Liverpool Theatres. We understand that the Christmas Pantomime at this house will be *Valentine and Orson*, founded on the story of that name.

## CANDIDATES ON 'CHANGE.

A GOOD deal of superfluous indignation has been bestowed upon the Conservative candidates, Messrs. Hugh Birley and Joseph Hoare, for appearing on the Rialto on Tuesday last. It has frequently been the custom of candidates to pay a visit to the Exchange before an election. On the day of the poll in 1857, Sir John Potter passed through the room and was loudly cheered. Admiral Denman did the same on another occasion, and two days before Mr. Edward James was elected, he appeared on the Exchange. Mr. Massey, also, always visited the room before the election took place. None of these gentlemen made any speeches. On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visiting Manchester a few years since when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he made a short speech at the suggestion of the late Mr. Aspinall Turner, and last week Lord Salisbury said a few words, acknowledging the warmth of his reception. It appears that Messrs. Birley and Hoare had no intention of addressing the subscribers on Tuesday. They uncovered simply as an acknowledgment of the cheers with which they were greeted by a portion of those on 'Change.

## THE WOMEN'S MEETING AT THE TOWN HALL.

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It is not often that one has a chance of witnessing history. We have often thought how we would have kept our eyes and ears about us if we had happened to be present at the trial of Charles I., or that representation at Weimar when Napoleon sat aloft in a private box, and the pit at his feet was filled with crowned heads. Therefore, in order not to miss any of the present proceedings, we entered the Manchester Town Hall at a quarter before three. We found already assembled in the Mayor's parlour about thirty ladies and three influential-looking calico-printers' clerks. There was in the air that delicious buzzing and lisping which one associates with concourses of women, but chiefly with after the

country will be orphaned in a sense. We live under a Parliamentary Government—a government of M.P.'s—and lo! on the 11th or 12th instant there will be no M.P.'s. For more than a week there can be no Bazaars, or Alliance Meetings, or Religious Gatherings; for the public, who listen with open-mouthed stolidity to speakers with M.P. to their name, wouldn't cross an entry to hear the same people without it. Is the country safe in such a condition? I have my misgivings. But it is a great consolation, and it imparts a feeling of assurance to know that the wise forethought of Disraeli has so timed the dissolution that the country will, a day or two previously, have provided itself with Mayors. If we had no Mayors and no M.P.'s at one and the same time, a collapse had been inevitable. To be sure there is that other institution, the Magistrature, to fall back upon. Fortunately, J.P.'s are permanent. But in these parts, however completely the National Parliament may have vanished into thin air, our Local Senate will be complete. Even Salford will have found a municipal Curtius bold enough to leap into the Mayoral Gulf; and Manchester will be secure in the fact that the Badge and Chain adorn the capacious breast of Grave.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

### LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE MANCHESTER CUP.—The interest in this race increases. Since we last alluded to it, two fresh candidates have been entered from the True-Blue stable,—The Banker and Mackintosh. The Banker is a dark horse from London, but Mackintosh is well known in the town, where he has been bred and trained. These two horses have been put into strong work, and last Friday they were publicly tried in Peter-street, in presence of an immense crowd. Great care was taken to prevent a disturbance, and spectators were only admitted to the enclosure by ticket. Notwithstanding this precaution, a few welshers obtained admittance, but their avocation was hopeless, as the detectives were on the alert, and at their very first attempt to do business, they were summarily ejected from the course. In addition to the usual supporters of the True-Blue stable who were present, Mr. Alderman Curtis put in an appearance, and declared his intention of supporting the stable on this occasion. Before the trial came off, P. P. the Bishop of Madagascar was escorted on to the course by Bersy Punting, and was loudly applauded. The Bishop was looking well, although somewhat disconcerted by the warmth of his reception; nevertheless he was not considered quite up to the mark for the vacant Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury. Owing to associations between the Bishop and certain scenes in front of the New Bailey and other prisons, we almost expected some one to jump up, and allude to the fate of "Hampden on the field and Sydney on the SCAFFOLD," but neither Bersy Punting nor anyone else did so, and we were disappointed accordingly. The Banker is a respectable, good tempered looking horse, and, excepting that his mane is allowed to grow, he resembles Turveydrop very strongly. The Banker is very slow in his paces, but gets over the ground in an easy, comfortable sort of way, and is apparently on such good terms with himself that a kind of simmering feeling of confidence is imparted to lookers-on, as if they had only to go to Lombard-street at once and get all their bills discounted considerably under the bank rate. Mackintosh is a good, wiry-looking horse, without any pretensions to speed, but he settles down to business in a determined sort of a way, and sticks well to his work. Jacobite is now first favourite for this race, and is freely backed at a very short price. Jacobite has decidedly improved in appearance since last year, and looks quite robust. Of course he cannot be expected to show the speed and stamina of his brother Don John, but Jacobite has merits of his own which we are glad to recognise, and his defects we shall be equally ready to point out. Windbag has rather declined in the betting within the last fortnight, but in some quarters he and Jacobite are freely backed against the field. Turveydrop was very fishy for a few days last week. In the private trial which he had with the Colt by Old Harry out of Portland Street, he got sadly knocked about, and at one time it was thought that he had utterly broken down. By careful nursing and the application of strong fomentations, Turveydrop has been brought round, and is now in better favour again. It seems that the trial was intended to be private, but as all the Portland-street horse watchers were present, including the touts Bill Sticker and Bill De Facer, the result of the spin got out, and it soon became known that the old horse had been beaten. In fact Turveydrop ran all over the course, and when he found he couldn't make the Colt hook it, he showed a disposition to cut it himself. After the trial he had an attack of the staggers. However, he has now come into favour again, and if the spavin can be reduced or overcome, he may still train on and get a place. Pot8os is still unscratched, but he ought to be withdrawn at once, as it is the Bank of England to a boiled murphy against him. With such a large field and so much cross running, it is a very puzzling affair to know how things will go. The U. L. P. stable talk of making a waiting race of it, but they have not won their races hitherto by waiting. If the three horses are to make the running for each other alternately, it is quite possible that an outsider may get such a start that none of them can catch him. We are disposed to think that, when it comes to the final tussle, the waiting dodge will break down, and that one horse will take the lead and keep it. At present it is difficult to decide under which thimble is the pea.

SALFORD CUP.—The horses engaged in this race have been kept rather quiet this week, and are only taking gentle exercise. The Stalybridge Infant has recovered from his attack of illness, and returned from Switzerland. He looks quite dapper, and his toilet is well attended to by his groom. Stockbroker is still backed freely against the Engineer. The latter, however, has numerous adherents, and it is thought that the flooded state of the Salford course is in his favour, and his action may enable him to get over the water. Stockbroker's supporters are, however, very confident, and offer slight odds that he will beat the Engineer.

NORTH-WEST LANCASHIRE STAKES.—In this division of the county the interest in the contest is unabated. The Young Duke, by Chatsworth out of Alma Mater, has had a few days' rest. He has rather declined in favour, and his position is somewhat shaky. We cannot account for this, but understand that Knowsley is now almost as good a favourite as the Colonel. The Young Duke, however, will take a deal of beating. The Colonel has returned from Ireland, and at Standish the other day, he had a rough dust up with the crack, Demosthenes, whom he stuck to like a leech and would not be shaken off. The Colonel had already been tried collaterally with Demosthenes, through the horse Estimates. Last year Demosthenes shirked his races with that horse, and only met him on one occasion, when he was defeated, but it was noted at the time that his own party did not support him. The Colonel, therefore, knew what he was about when he tackled him at Standish.

SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE DERBY.—Demosthenes has been taking things very quietly after his severe work, and with the exception of the tussle that the Colonel had with him, we have heard little of him. He will come out quite fresh again at the nomination, and it was quite time that he was having a rest, as he was beginning to blunder in his work. Besides the China mistake, at Southport he shied and boggled at the Whateley turn, and got all wrong at the quotation point. A rest will do him good, as no horse can run for ever. Few jockeys can manage

him, and his jaw is so strong that no bit will hold him, and he has to be ridden with a curb. Bright Jack, however, can do what he likes with him. When Demosthenes gets to the right side of the Speaker's chair, which he will most likely do before Christmas, no doubt he will become more tractable. Lord Sefton's horse, Greenfields, has been doing a little work on his own account, in the absence of Demosthenes. Their opponents, Old Merseydocks and Crucifix, have been busy making up for lost time. Both sides are equally confident, but there are some parties who are never done laying against Demosthenes. The money is put down freely, and it is as freely picked up again, chiefly by the publicans, bill stickers, and other sinners.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE OR SALFORD HUNDRED GUINEAS STAKES.—All the four candidates continue to take active exercise almost daily. Red Tape has a great many supporters in the Bury district, and some good judges think that he and Worsley will run first and second. At Ramsbottom, the roughs tried to get at both Red Tape and Yates, but they got away without injury. Snowdrop's style of going is not liked, and when he runs he has to be assisted by written paper stimulants and plasters on his hocks, on the principle, we suppose, that "he who runs may *read*." There is, however, plenty of money behind Snowdrop, but he is quite out-paced by both Red Tape and Yates, who ought to beat him easily.

ROCHDALE STAKES.—It seems that Bulyhillie is to be opposed, after all, by a horse bred in the neighbourhood. Some years ago, Bulyhillie opposed Don John and Tom the Yachtsman, for the Manchester Cup, when he made the running for his brother Yellow (haired) Jack. Bulyhillie has now returned to his old stable, and runs in Radical colours.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND GOSSIP.—Should Demosthenes win the Lancashire race, as well as the Greenwich Cup, the latter race will be run over again, and it is said, save the mark! that Laxter Bangley will contest it. Laxter is by the Backbiter, out of Athenæum, and is well known in Manchester. What with Laxter for Greenwich, and Greenwig, by Greenhorn out of Bombast, for Halifax, we ought all to make our fortunes right off.

It is said that Don John will be put into harness, immediately after the Great Government Stakes are run for in December.

## THE NEXT NOVELTY AT THE ROYAL.

MR. H. J. BYRON's drama *Blow for Blow*, which is now being played at the Holborn Theatre in London with success, will be shortly brought out at the Manchester Theatre Royal. The play will be produced under the superintendence of the author, who will himself take part in the performance. Mr. Byron is not entirely new to the stage, having occasionally performed in his own pieces, when he had the management of the Liverpool Theatres. We understand that the Christmas Pantomime at this house will be *Valentine and Orson*, founded on the story of that name.

## CANDIDATES ON 'CHANGE.

A GOOD deal of superfluous indignation has been bestowed upon the Conservative candidates, Messrs. Hugh Birley and Joseph Hoare, for appearing on the Rialto on Tuesday last. It has frequently been the custom of candidates to pay a visit to the Exchange before an election. On the day of the poll in 1857, Sir John Potter passed through the room and was loudly cheered. Admiral Denman did the same on another occasion, and two days before Mr. Edward James was elected, he appeared on the Exchange. Mr. Massey, also, always visited the room before the election took place. None of these gentlemen made any speeches. On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visiting Manchester a few years since when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he made a short speech at the suggestion of the late Mr. Aspinall Turner, and last week Lord Salisbury said a few words, acknowledging the warmth of his reception. It appears that Messrs. Birley and Hoare had no intention of addressing the subscribers on Tuesday. They uncovered simply as an acknowledgment of the cheers with which they were greeted by a portion of those on 'Change.

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service at a Baptist chapel. From time to time groups of ladies entered, holding linen-drapers' parcels, done up in long rolls, that might have been stateswomanlike measures to be proposed at the meeting. But no. Some women had evidently been so mean as to combine shopping with their invasion of the Town Hall. Women *are* mean. We expect that if an army of women with votes were sent to besiege Brussels, they would make a few judicious bargains in lace before they commenced operations. At three o'clock a ruddy gentleman turned up, and an immense amount of shaking hands took place, accompanied by that peculiar cooing with which women only greet clergymen and doctors. We were not surprised to hear that his name was the Rev. S. A. Steinthal.

At a quarter-past three the room was quite full. The seats were chiefly occupied by ladies; but a little knot of sceptics in male form placed themselves just inside the door, as if to show how far they went with the object of the meeting. A pale, inaudible little lady in black took the chair. And so this was the Mrs. Max Kyllman whose name had been mouthed by rude men, and printed in penny newspapers for the last fortnight. We understood it at a glance. If they had allowed the wife of a butcher, or a lady engaged in the out-door fish-trade, to take the chair, nobody would have been surprised at her boldness. It was necessary to make a sacrifice. The weakest among them must be put forward, to show that even she could undertake a duty in life requiring, perhaps, more self-confidence than any other. The pale little lady rose and made a short speech, but, owing to her timidity and her marked French accent, we did not hear a word of it. We believe that it was very good, indeed, for the only person who could hear—namely, the ruddy gentleman who sat on her right—clapped his hands with evident enjoyment when she sat down. Then Miss Lydia Becker rose and read a long report. Miss Becker was dressed in her best clothes. It is well known that when the Hindoo widow goes, according to custom, to be burned, she decks herself in her gaudiest paints and feathers, having worked herself into a state of rapturous exaltation at the idea of rejoining her husband. By the same sublime effort we can fancy Miss Lydia Becker in front of her chaste looking-glass, putting on her lavender gloves and her white mantle on the wintry day of the meeting, as if it were only a pic-nic or a christening. We had never seen Miss Becker before, and we confess that we felt a kind of remorse at all the jokes about her that we have countenanced. We could not help admiring her a little. There was a brave, good-humoured, clever look about her, and, notwithstanding her years, she seemed to feel a fresh and almost childish enjoyment whenever any of the speakers said anything particularly sweet about women's suffrage. The report was a long one, but the applause was unflaggingly undertaken by the ruddy gentlemen, who clapped his hands whenever Miss Becker left off lisping, to sip the oratorical tumbler of water. When Miss Becker sat down, two other gentlemen joined the ruddy man in applauding, and a sceptic in the neighbourhood of the door stamped. The newspapers kindly call this "cheers."

The pale little lady became once more sensibly inaudible. Then a robust, jolly looking girl read a report of finances, and then Mr. Jacob Bright made a speech in which, for commonplaceness, he almost excelled himself. But that would not be possible. During Mr. Bright's speech, whenever the ruddy man said "Hear, hear," all the ladies in his neighbourhood turned round and chuckled as if he had uttered some exquisite piece of humour. Mr. Bright was followed by a clergyman, whom we should think is a sensible man on every other subject. And then an agitated being, with a daft look,—Dr. Pankhurst—rose and rushed forward to the table. He appeared to be very young, indeed his voice has not broken, and therefore every allowance must be made for him. He screeched, and threatened with his tiny fist, and pointed in a very rude manner with his little forefinger. He should be told of this. We did not follow his meaning, but we are sure that if you were to put the words "constit*oo*tion," "privilege," "emancipation," "sentiment," "justice," into a hat in the proportion of nine to every one other word and shake them out again, you would have his speech in as intelligible a form, without the screech and the unpleasant gesticulation as if he were being strangled. Every time he paused the applause grew fainter. We thought at last that even the brave Miss Becker winced, and secretly made up her mind that she would never invite the agitated being again. The speech of Mr. Ernest Jones, which followed, was the most able of all. One of the arguments which he used in favour of giving women political power we have always considered one of the strongest against it; namely: that they would never declare war.

At this point a number of ladies kept bobbing up and seconding resolutions, until the pale little lady abdicated the chair, and the ruddy man got into it. It has been said, that seeing that death is so universally feared, it is a happy dispensation which has placed it at the end of life. So we could not help feeling that if the ruddy man *must* speak, it was an agreeable arrangement by which he only spoke at the end of the meeting. At the beginning of the proceedings a Corporation servant entered and handed Mrs. Max Kyllman a haberdasher's parcel. Most people did not notice it at all; those who did may have thought with us, that it was some feminine purchase sent at the wrong time. But it appears that it was an unfinished article of dress sent by some gentleman. This was undoubtedly a piece of impudence, and the best revenge would have been to say nothing whatever about it. But the ruddy man thought otherwise. After the manner of Sir Anthony Absolute, who, in a voice quivering with passion, cries, "Why can't you keep calm like me, sir?" the ruddy man roared, "If the gentleman thinks he has hurt us, he is very much mistaken." No doubt this was all the rude gentleman wanted. The ruddy man added one more to the long list of historical sayings which we already possess. We have had the epigrams of Cæsar, of Louis XIV. and of Wellington. These people were always saying the right thing at the right moment, and, as that is such a very difficult thing to do, we have never entirely believed in these sayings. But we have one now which is at once so natural and so great that it commends itself at once to our belief. It appears that when Mrs. Max Kyllman went to the office at Rusholme to have her name placed on the register, the bewildered revising barrister, probably wanting the use of his office for business, looked at the door and said, "Madam, I fear I must appear ungallant, but . . ————." Upon which Mrs. Max Kyllman turned round and uttered these undying words, "Sir, I don't want your gallantry; I want justice." There is something so beautifully unreasoning in this grand appeal addressed to the dusty, plodding man of law, who only wants to be left alone, that we cannot help feeling that Mrs. Max Kyllman is altogether a woman yet. It reminds us of a fiery gentleman we once saw at the Grand Hotel at Brighton, who, when the waiter brought him an under-done chop, threatened the waiter by saying that he would write to the *Times*.

If any persons attended this meeting merely to be amused, the promoters were splendidly revenged, for it must be owned that it was awfully dull. And finally, if we are told that it is easier to ridicule the object of the meeting than to reason about it, we reply that we consider public meetings and elections to be so removed from woman's proper place in the world, that to speak seriously about that object is to give its advocates an advantage which they have not earned. It would be tacitly admitting that they are endowed with reason.

# A NEW SESSION AT OWENS COLLEGE.

It is pleasant to be able, year by year, to point to the increasing popularity and success of our Manchester College. At the end of every session, with some slight exceptions, which can be accounted for on special grounds, the announcement of the increasing numbers of the students bears witness to the widening influence of the Institution. We are informed that the session which has just begun is no exception to the general rule, and is in every way promising. Admitting, however, that this increase of the numbers of the students is of great importance in estimating the success of such a place, we yet think that there are other elements in the calculation which should not be lost sight of. The character and class of the young men who enter the various classes of the College should not be left unnoticed. An examination of details may give some reason for hesitation in taking the numbers of the students as the sole criterion of success.

The students are divisible into two classes. Of one class, the members are qualified, by age, habits, and attainments, to fill satisfactorily their position as students. Those who form the other division are not fitted for the proper performance of their duties. To the former class we are to look for all that is satisfactory and ambitious in the work of the place. There is a large body of such young men who are students, in the true sense, as distinguished from the school-boy slightly developed. Though we believe they form a minority, it is a respectable, a growing minority. Many of the students, when they first enter the classes, come as "raw and ill-prepared boys." Fresh from the fear of the schoolmaster's rod, under which wholesome discipline they might have remained a year or two longer with great advantage to themselves and to the College, they find themselves in a position in which, with certain exceptions, they may act as they like, and where the one thing taken for granted is the possession of some degree of self-government. In the earlier days of the College, an entrance examination was instituted; but it was abandoned because, in the words of Mr. Scott, who was then Principal, it was found "to deter students much more than to raise the standard of preparation." We feel quite sure that, were such an examination now in force, a very large per centage of those who enter at present would fail to pass the examination. The utter want of ordinary preparation, and the complete absence of common school knowledge, is often something wonderful. How any long period can have been spent at school for the attainment of information so infinitesimal, can scarcely be realized. It is often difficult to resist a conviction that the College is unfortunate enough to attract far more than its fair share of the backward and the dull.

There is physical proof that many are really too young to take a dignified stand as students, or as anything else than noisy, mischievous boys. This poverty of material shows itself in a manner directly physical. The gymnastic and athletic pursuits of the College are far removed from excellence or distinction. At the beginning of the session there is generally some enthusiast who puts himself out of the way to collect as many sixpences as possible. The sum collected is expended in boxing-gloves and fencing-sticks, which are used with great vigour and want of scientific knowledge for a few weeks; then the fit dies out, the sticks are broken, and the gloves are converted into missiles with which excited youths pelt each others' faces, or their absent neighbours' hats. Though there is always a large number of students who like to while away time in the gymnasium, the hard and useful work or play done there is very insignificant. For the last few years a meeting for athletic sports has taken place, and has had more or less success. But, of the various events on the card, the only one which necessitated careful preparation, or continuous and careful work—that is boating—was last year discontinued. Presumably, the omission was owing to the want of a sufficient number of men qualified to form two four-oared boat crews, or to the absence of sufficient energy in those who were otherwise suitable. In the cricketting season some sort of effort is made to form an eleven; but the only distinction yet secured in this department rather reminds one of the unenviable notoriety attained by the horse which runs absolutely last for the Derby.

Quite distinct from this want of physical manliness, we can find abundant evidence of our position in the arrangements of the lecture classes. One of the features of these arrangements is the extraordinary subdivision to which the classes are subjected. The subdivision generally tends towards the formation of mere elementary classes. It is found necessary so to alter the original arrangements as to make it possible to include lower and lower degrees of knowledge. To illustrate this statement take the two branches—classics and mathematics. Last session ordinary classics were in four divisions: Junior, Lower Middle, Higher Middle, and Senior. In mathematics the tendency is still more marked. The classes are: Lower Division Junior, Middle Division Senior, Higher Division Junior, and Senior. The variation in the number of students who attend these classes is remarkable and suggestive. Thus, in the lectures on classics last year, whilst thirty-four attended the most elementary class, there were only five attending the senior lectures. Though the junior class lectures, in most subjects, are intended as a preparation for the Matriculation Examination of the London University, it is certain that three-fourths of those who enter the classes are so ignorant that for them successful preparation for that test of "diluted omniscience" is often quite out of the question, at least for the first year.

Such facts as these show that the number of "young persons of the male sex (being of an age not less than fourteen years)," who avail themselves of their legal right to enter the College classes at the earliest possible period, is very considerable. And, giving full credit to the statement that the evil is year by year growing less serious, we are still obliged to recognise its existence. Now, one of the characteristic features of an institution like Owens College is, that the students are treated like men, not like school boys. Except during the hours of lectures, no attempt is made to interfere with, or control the actions of the students. Even during those hours, little beyond the observance of decent decorum is insisted on. So much is left to the self-respect of the students themselves, that it is quite possible and comparatively easy for those so disposed to escape the greater part of the work to be done. The probable effect of such lax discipline on this order of students is obvious. From mere carelessness, from idleness, or from the effect of the reaction from the durance vile of school to a state of freedom, their first session is to a great extent wasted, if not positively injurious. The presence of such students is harmful to everybody and in every way. To the students themselves, it means time wasted. To the more advanced students it is an injury, for, by hanging on the skirts of the various classes, these unfit students seriously clog their onward movement. To the professors such presence is a visible injustice, and must be the cause of endless trouble and annoyance. The effect of the existence of large sections of classes of this character necessarily tends to make the instruction more elementary. That a gentleman of the position and ability of the professor of classics should be compelled to spend part of his time in constant repetitions for the benefit of ignorant or stupid hearers of the most elementary facts of Latin and Greek Grammar—facts which ought to have been learnt at school, but have not,—would be very absurd if it were not also very painful. Doubtless a senior wrangler is able to teach the working of simple equations in a perfectly satisfactory manner, but we do not see but that a less distinguished man could do the work just as well. A steam-hammer may be used to crack walnuts, and a fine chemical balance might be made useful to weigh out ounces of tobacco, but, whilst nut crackers and common scales are obtainable, it would not generally be considered a wise economical arrangement so to employ them. Yet equal waste of far higher power is daily perpetrated in the centre of Manchester. And though some changes have very recently been made by the appointment of assistant lecturers in classics and mathematics, the alterations only amount to a modification of the previous unsatisfactory state of things.

It may be asked how are facts like these to be accounted for. They, assuredly, are not owing to the lack of ability in the gentlemen who fill the various chairs. A body of men more distinguished and more admirable, no educational institution in Great Britain can boast. It would be quite impossible to wish for a gentleman better qualified for the position of Principal than Mr. Greenwood. To his earnest, unceasing, and self-sacrificing devotion to the well-being of the College, much of its past success is owing; and to his efforts more than can be calculated of the prosperity it may enjoy in the future will have to be ascribed. The young man who is not elevated and improved, both as a

student and a man, by contact, however remote, with Mr. Greenwood, is made of poor stuff. The evil we have described may be chiefly and justly attributed to a want of correct appreciation on the part of the public of the proper sphere of Owens College. People want educating up to its level. The popular theory about education is, that the sooner a boy leaves school and begins work the better. Those guardians who, after their wards have attained the serious age of fourteen, give them a session at Owens College, often consider they have exercised great liberality, bordering a trifle too closely on the reckless. Such notions, in their application to Owens College, are utterly false and mistaken. A session so spent is rarely useful, and may be mischievous. Great confusion exists in the minds of some people as to the character of the place. Owens College is in no sense an advanced school, as many are disposed to regard it. It is a gross misapprehension to consider it as a high school, a grammar school (as those unfortunate Grammar School boys who this year tried for the Grammar School Scholarship may have begun to appreciate), or a public school; neither would its friends be satisfied to have it regarded as a place intermediate between such institutions and the old Universities. The hopes and intentions of the Principal and Professors would not be realized by its conversion into a place of preparation for Oxford and Cambridge. The College has room for a nobler ambition, and it will, assuredly, be no fault of the Principal and Professors if a much higher goal is not ultimately attained.

## MR. CALVERT'S FALSTAFF.

THE difficulty of criticising Shakespere is the difficulty of criticising the Bible. By the time that we are capable of judging, we find ourselves so laden with associations and possessing such an intimate knowledge of fragments, that it is impossible to throw these off and take a calm, wide glance of the whole. We should like to take an intellectual plunge into Lethe, so as to experience a first impression of Shakespere directly after it. In judging a historical play like *Henry the Fourth*, the first duty of the critic is to see whether it is true to history. But Shakespere's integrity is so universally recognised that we may at once pass on to the higher question, whether it is also beautiful. And it is in the fulfilment of this need that Shakespere shows his pre-eminence as a poet. The reign of Henry IV. was, perhaps, the darkest period of English history. It was a period of civil war, in which the rival parties were not fighting for great principles, but for what renders men far more desperate, namely, private interests. We ought then not to be surprised if a play founded upon such events is cruel and abhorrent. But this is not the case. The bright wand of Shakespere's genius could touch upon these episodes without becoming steeped in their ugliness. Scenes of bloodshed are forgotten in scenes of fine humour. In the process of being described the incidents refine their character. He is like the true artist who, in painting a landscape, seizes, with a marvellous instinct, the beauty, and leaves the rest. There have been other poets as objective as Shakespere, such as the German Raupach or the Spanish Lopez. Their plays are as true to history as Shakespere's, but it is with the barren, unlovely truth of fact, and not the large and beautiful truth of poetry.

It is a fine tribute to Shakespere that Falstaff is more intimately known and more frequently in the mouths of men than any of the real men and women who lived, and fought, and loved, and were buried at the period when Falstaff is only supposed to have lived. And, although Falstaff is the greatest humourous creation in all literature, we must not forget that Comedy suffers much more from the change in manners and the advance in refinement than Tragedy. When raised to a certain elevation of feeling, all ages, and even all nations, speak the same language. Passion is never antiquated, just as a nude statue never looks old-fashioned; whilst Comedy, arrayed in the dress of passing circumstances, soon appears ill-dressed and out of date. A joke is the offspring of the moment, and wants illuminating by the light of surrounding events. Besides, Comedy deals chiefly with the foibles of mankind, not with its crimes; and as the moral sense becomes more refined it rejects more and more those infirmities which were once considered legitimate themes of merriment. Vice goes beyond a joke sometimes, and ceases to be amusing. The finest part of the delineation of Falstaff is that union of cowardice and self-indulgence. George Eliot has treated it in a totally different sphere in Tito. In Falstaff the cowardice is physical, and arises from coarse epicureanism; in Tito it is intellectual, and arises from refined epicureanism.

The Falstaff of Mr. Calvert is a curious mixture of success and failure. It only falls short of being a great impersonation by one trait, but unfortunately that trait is the most important of all. Mr. Calvert is an intelligent actor, but he has no sense of humour and no facial power. His eyes are cold and penetrating. They never kindle. They never laugh by themselves without the rest of his face. They are never bleared and intoxicated with fun. Then, his voice is stern and his manner is energetic, so that they are not even in character with his size, apart from their association with Falstaff. Mr. Calvert fails in all those passages in which the humour is rich and the imagination is lively. No man could have uttered that description of Bardolph's face in the third act without the playfulness of his fancy lighting up his features and dancing in his eyes. But Falstaff is full of dry humour too, and in these passages the natural immobility of Mr. Calvert's face has the appearance of exquisite assumption. So that it is possible to draw a distinct line where he utterly fails and where he strangely succeeds. For instance he says "Give me them that will face me" admirably, but he continues, "Give me a cup of sack," with the same expression of face and tone. The character is full of speeches like this, requiring a sudden transition from dry humour to a greasy, smiling self-indulgence. We could quote numbers of little touches which were rendered to perfection, as, for instance, "A plague on all cowards," in the second act; the description of the fight in the same act, which was spoken with just enough deliberation to impart the illusion of its being made up as he goes on; again, when the Prince exposes him, the air of impudent indifference as he strokes his beard and stands quite still; and finally when he bestrides Hotspur's body, he exclaims, "I'll swear I killed him," with such an evident lust for lying and childish delight at his talent for it. We must sum up by saying that Mr. Calvert is in his personal character unfitted for assuming Falstaff's, but that in every portion in which this personality does not interfere, it is a highly creditable piece of acting. We have seen actors who mistook Falstaff for a buffoon, and of the two evils of undue levity and undue seriousness, we prefer Mr. Calvert's as the lesser. His make up was not good. He had so evidently grown fat on card board.

The rest of the company is beneath criticism. There was no grace, no *savoir faire*, and no concealed princeliness about Prince Hal. The King looked like a respectable tradesman. The Earls and Dukes would have looked much more like noblemen if they had looked less like packers. No words can describe the sublime stagineas of Hotspur. During the whole piece his eyebrows were fiercely knitted, his fists were tightly clenched, and he strode about the stage with a rheumatic stiffness of gait. Whenever, in England, an actor has concluded a long speech, he is invariably applauded, as if for his memory, whether it be well spoken or not. One would think that, if well spoken, it ought to be applauded in proportion to its length, and, if ill-spoken, it ought to be hissed in proportion to its length. Shakespere shows his immense superiority over modern dramatists in nothing so much as in the patience and the consistency with which every single character, however subordinate, is worked out. But a company like that at the Prince's Theatre drags Shakespere down to the level of modern dramatists, and endows one character with some degree of individuality—while all the rest are confused in an equal insignificance.

## PORSON OR COLERIDGE?

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.)

SIR,—In last Saturday's issue of your paper you have an article on "All Saints Church," in which occurs this sentence: "And we have it on Coleridge's authority that the devil's darling sin is the pride that apes humility." Now I very much question if that line is to be found in Coleridge at all. It is, however, to be found in a composition of Professor Porson's, entitled the "Devil's Walk," which was written one evening at Dr. Vincent's house, when the Professor, being cut out at a whist party, was about to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent asked him to stay and take a pen and ink at an adjoining table and write them some verses. Porson complied with her request, and by the time the rubber was over he had finished the "Devil's Walk." Here is the verse from which the quotation is taken:—

An apothecary on a white horse,
Rode by on his avocations—
"Oh!" says the Devil, "there's my old friend
Death in the Revelations."
He saw a cottage with a double coach house:
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil was pleased, for his darling vice,
Is the pride that apes humility.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Rochdale, Oct. 26th. PORSON.

## CHARITY OF THE CHURCHES.

THE periodical collection made in the various places of worship in Birmingham for the charities of that town, has just been completed. This collection takes place yearly. The proceeds are one year devoted to the General Hospital, the next to the Queen's Hospital, and the third to the Amalgamated Charities. Here is the result for nine years:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1859.—General Hospttal.. ..... | £5,200 | 8 | 10 |
| 1860.—Queen's Hospital..... | 3,433 | 6 | 1 |
| 1861.—Amalgamated Charities | 2,953 | 14 | 0 |
| 1862.—General Hospital..... | 3,340 | 4 | 7 |
| 1863.—Queen's Hospital..... | 3,293 | 5 | 0 |
| 1864.—Amalgamated Charities | 3,178 | 5 | 0 |
| 1865.—General Hospital..... | 4,256 | 11 | 11 |
| 1866.—Queen's Hospital..... | 4,056 | 12 | 9 |
| 1867.—Amalgamated Charities | 3,287 | 10 | 0 |
| Total up to and including 1867 | £32,998 | 18 | 2 |
| Average for each of nine years | 3,666 | 13 | 2 |

The accounts for 1868 are not yet completed, but it is known that more than the average of the preceding nine years (£3,666) has already been raised. How is it that the churches and chapels do not come to the aid of charity in a similar way in Manchester? Most of our hospitals, our Infirmary, and other benevolent institutions, are greatly in need of pecuniary assistance; and, judging from their annual reports, the aid they obtain from our numerous religious bodies is of the most insignificant character. Why should not the fine example of Birmingham be followed in Manchester?

The old Saracen's Head on Snow-hill, London—the inn whence Mr. Squeers and Nicholas Nickleby started for Yorkshire—has just passed away.

## THE REIGN OF THE RAIN.

Rain—rain—nothing but rain!
Will it *never* be fair weather again?
I wonder now if the patient Grissel
Was ever kept in by a constant drizzle.
I am sure her lord would have found her smile
A little bit weary after a while, [ting,
Would have caught her yawning over her knit-
Or tart to her maidens, had she been sitting
Anxious hours at her bower's casement,
And still as she looked could see at the basement
But the moat all rippled with tiny plashes,
And the leaves adrip of the weeping ashes,
And the sky o'erhead of a dull, dead grey.
'Twould have been a sigh, a "Well-a-day,"
Softly said in a tone like silk,
And patient smiling bland as milk
(But milk with just the faintest trace
Of sourness in it), as she turned her face.
And wouldn't the thought of the last new wimple
Gathering so daintily under the dimple
That lay like a star on her soft, white chin,
Or tippet of samite, or brave gold pin,
Or scarf, or girdle, or onch—in short
The latest vanity, fresh from court,
Got by my lord for my lady's wearing, [airing,
That she should have donned for her morning's
(Beautiful Grissel, so like a queen!)
If only the troublesome rain had not been.
Wouldn't the thought, I say, have tried
E'en our Lady of Patience? And then the ride,
With a gallant meiny, through the wood;
Past the cots, where should have stood,
Under the trees that made them shady,
Louting low to their well-loved lady,
Happy wives, with younglings clinging
Scared to their skirts, as the cry comes ringing
"Live our Lady!" down the glade,
And "Live our Lady!" is answer made!
Heavens, what a scene! And this wretched drizzle
Has robbed you of all, sweet Lady Grissel;
And yet you smile, and sweet looks give,
And speak soft words—
Now, as I live,
She has dropped three stitches in her knitting!
And, ha! ha! for all her patient sitting,
She gives the wool just the slightest tug,
And her pretty shoulders the faintest shrug—
I see her! I see her!
Why, bless me now,
What am I saying? Where am I? How?
"See Lady Grissel," did I say?
I see the housemaid over the way
Trip to the post. "See Grissel"—here—
My wits have wandered. But Homer nods,
And we that live less near the gods
May crave indulgence. But to think
The tricks men play with harmless ink!
That one should begin with a drenching drizzle,
And drift to a dream of patient Grissel!

Manchester Athenæum, Nov., 1868.

THE STYLE OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH." It seems that a few days ago an Indian prince, in the course of a visit to Westminster Abbey, was shown the tomb of Lord Canning, laid upon the slab several bouquets, and then took off his shoes, knelt down and kissed it, and said a prayer. Upon this simple text the most gorgeous and gushing of our morning contemporaries discourses in what has been variously called the "delirious bagman" and the "paste-diamond" style on Mahomed the Second riding down the conquered streets of Byzantium, on Kaffirs, and Constantines, and muezzin's voices and crescents of Islam, on mogra, and champak, and shradh, Furrohurdin, and Mooktad, and Pir, and Nourmahal's tomb, and puggree, and cummerbund, and Siva, and Swerga, and Jumma Musjid, and Heaven only knows what in the heavens above, or the earth below, or under the earth besides.

## NOTES ON MUSIC IN ITALY.

Florence, October, 1868.

MUSIC has a less important part in the ceremonies of the Church in Italy than is commonly supposed. Except on extraordinary occasions, the Mass is not celebrated with vocal and instrumental music. In the cities of a Protestant country, like ours, music is now called to the aid of worship quite as much as it is here. In France, or at least in the metropolis, we know how much account is made of this, among the other external auxiliaries, to augment the attraction of religious ceremonies. Wind and stringed instruments, and trained voices, in all the parts, render with fine effect the composition of those masters who have devoted their genius in great part to the service of the altar.

Italy has done more for the voice than for the musical instrument. Still it is true that this country has sent more players as well as singers into the world than any other of equal population. While France has been the dancing-master, Italy has been the singing-master of the human race. But whether in the future this country will furnish to the world as large a proportion of singers as in the past, may well be doubted. Other countries have made more real progress in this as in other arts. As much as has been said about that, probably there is nothing in the Italian climate specially favourable to the voice. The habit of using the vocal organs for the production of musical sounds, which the universality of opera music favours, is what, more than anything else, has put this people in the way to enjoy and practice much. The habit of screeching and screaming familiar passages from favourite operas is so general among certain classes of the population as to be an annoyance. Every evening gangs of young men, without education, traverse the city from side to side, singing at the top of their voices, with little regard to the edification of the public. Your midnight slumber is disturbed by single voices of great power, sending their notes echoing for a quarter of a mile through the labyrinth of narrow streets. The imagination is haunted by musical sounds; but oftener of a quality to repel rather than to captivate.

What surpises one is, that the Oratorio is almost unknown in Italy. Those grand compositions which have raised the emotions of the intellectual Protestants of the North, are never heard here. It is, perhaps, true that the Oratorio belongs to Protestant, and not Catholic countries. Several of the great cathedrals of the world are in Italy, but there are no great organs. Against the rock-hewn arches of these structures, break no vast waves of harmony, such as give new grandeur to the Gothic cathedrals of Northern countries. The oratorio was invented in Italy, and yet it is the last country to receive benefit from this great religious agency. Music, as an æsthetic enjoyment, will be lifted to a higher level when the oratorio and the great organ are introduced into the country. The art now seems to have no moral aim, but appears at the best to be only a half sensual enjoyment. I have often imagined a great instrument rising under the noble vault which Brunelleschi lifted; rolling and crashing its thunders, or mingling its sublime harmonies with a chorus of ten thousand voices, such as it is the capacity of the building to accommodate. But where in Italy can money enough be found to build such an "edifice of harmonies," as the German poet so well calls the organ. Alas! I shall never eat another omelette with the monks of Vallambrosa, while, in the church, one of the brothers makes, as he did once, the diapasons of the organ mock the thunders of the mountain. This sanctuary, like the nobler one of Monte Cassino, where the

music of Palestrina has often been heard, is no longer the inviolate home of art and religion. But I can quite easily imagine either one of these great convents some day converted into a musical establishment.

As to the opera in Italy, there is much truth in what has often been said, that it is but a training-school for a broader stage beyond the limits of this country. In the shops of London you will find finer figs, oranges, and raisins, than are sold here; for the reason that the choicest fruits are sent to those markets, where the highest prices are paid. And so it is with music. An Italian artist in his own country has not a brilliant prospect of mending his fortune, but in other regions he wins his golden reward.

There is probably but one school or musical method in Italy; but there are three principal centres of musical instruction—Milan, Florence, and Naples. There will be different opinions as to which is the best, if one can claim superiority to the others; but Florence, on some accounts, enjoys advantages. Here some of the best talent, native and foreign, has been developed, and to this pleasant retreat, where their successes are all won, native artists love to come back. Here CATALANI had a fine villa, and ended her days; and here, in the superb Castle Salviati, probably the last years of GRISI and MARIO will be passed.

## THE PERILS OF THE PEAK.

A TOURIST who spent a considerable portion of the months of August and September in the Peak district, and explored many of the unfrequented parts of Derbyshire during his stay, invites public attention to the destruction of natural beauties and natural resources which is now going on, unnoticed, unchecked, and uninterfered with, in one of the loveliest and most picturesque of our English counties:—

Take, for instance, the Derwent, famed of old as "bright and brown," whose waters once were all alive with trout and grayling, and whose beauty even now is unquestionably far beyond its tourist-worshipped rival of the Dove. On this exquisite river, winding in and out with the most marvellously intricate chain of curves, there have been erected factories, gate-houses, paint-works, lead mills, and stabling, crowding at intervals upon it, and discharging all their fetid odours into its dancing ripples. No fish worth placing in a creel can now be found further from the Derwent source than Rowsley; and I have seen dead fish drift down upon a yellow surface that would have driven Piscator and Viator out of their senses in despair. What causes this yellow surface? Nothing more or less than the washing of the sewage from the town of Matlock, and from the white-lead (barytes) works which stand beneath one of the grandest cliffs in the county, the old well-known High Tor.

Nor is this the sole evil of that manufactory, for towers of black and pestilential smoke issue from it which scorch and blacken the woodland of larch, and beach, and ash, with which the Tor's limestone sides are clothed and rendered beautiful. If some steps be not taken for the abolition of its fumes, all this wood must, in a little time, perish; it has quite enough to contend against in the smoke of the railway engine that rushes from tunnel to tunnel. That all the lofty forest sides of Crich Chase have been made bare as a desert is, I suppose not to be helped, since the lead mines there are of great value, and cannot well be carried on without thus injuring the place of their abode. But another spoliation quite as deplorable, and, not like this, excusable, is the blasting down of the great gritstone and limestone hills every time the notable parishes find their roads require mending! The slopes, or rather high wooded cliffs, which face the range of the Tor cliffs, and with them form the natural ramparts of the Derwent, are being laid naked, and blasted away piecemeal, because the owners thereof find it profitable to sell stones for walls and fences, and road-making. And this whilst there lie uncovered gigantic heaps of broken stones, which would answer every purpose, at the mouths of all the mines along the Hopton-road! I asked, why these were not utilised, and the great tors saved. The answer in that soft, sleepy, kindly Derbyshire tone, which can, however, cover amazing shrewdness, was—"It ud be a trouble to take 'em." Of course this was simply an excuse, though a truth might-lie in it; but whilst there are whole mounds of small pieces of gritstone—excellent for roads—all ready, why in the name of common sense level the hills to break their huge boulders up into countless atoms?

I have but faintly indicated what I have termed the waste that struck me on every side in the district of the Peak. That which of course calls most urgently for interference is the pollution of the rivers. The Dove, indeed, so far as I followed its course seems as bright and as clear as in the days of Izaak Walton, due partly to its peculiar bed, which forces it into a series of jumps—one cannot call them waterfalls—and also to the close barriers of its precipitous and leaning rocks, which have shut out manufacturers and buildings from its banks. But the Derwent, which ere its Dale was invaded by the builder and the cotton-spinner, must have been incomparably the lovelier of the two, is near Derby, a mere channel of filth; whilst even in its most beautiful parts every sort of dirt is cast into it, and its waters are made the receptacle of every encumbrance and abomination of which dwellers on its banks desire riddance. Can nothing be done to save the streams that Walton and Cotton loved, the woods in whose shades Tom Moore heard the chimes of his evening bells, the rocks which are surely too rare in England to be broken up for mending stones, the fir-crowned hills which are the water-shed of half the land, and which, though they can speak in thunder when the lightning smites them, have no voice to cry aloud the wrongs that men have wrought on them?

THE DEATH RATE.—Ranged in order from the lowest, the rates of mortality during last quarter in the great English towns were as follow:—Bristol 21.8, London 24.6, Newcastle 27.4, Birmingham 29.8, Hull 33.0, Bradford 30.8, Liverpool 32.2, Sheffield 32.5, Leeds 33.5, Salford 36.0, and again the highest rate during the quarter, 37.8, in the city of Manchester. Scarlatina was fatally prevalent in Manchester and Birmingham, and typhus and typhoid forms of fever caused an excess of deaths in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Bradford. Last week Manchester again maintained its melancholy position as the unhealthiest town in England.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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